

Has It Got You Going, Too?

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



THE REAL LOVE LETTERS

That He Received
Telling the Plans
OF HIS BRIDE TO BE

DEAREST: Your long, long letter came today, and I feel as if a great wall that has stood between us has suddenly been leveled and that I am close beside you again. I was only conscious of the wall sometimes, but now that it has gone I know that each stone of it was a weight upon my heart.

It makes me very happy to feel that you can write openly and tell me all about that other girl—and—of course, I forgive you. So long as I love you and you love me nothing else matters, and if sometimes, man like, your feet will stray from the path that is to me the most beautiful one in the world, I know deep in my heart that you will always come back, and I trust you and respect you when you say how much you love me. But I hope this separation will soon be over. Distance doesn't lend enchantment a bit.

Letters are but poor comfort, after all, and you can't put inflections into them, nor can you write the little silences that are so dear and so full of beautiful winged thoughts that we both understand and hear without speaking when we are together.

Of course it is harder for you than for me—it is always harder for the man—for to me the days are only too short for all I have to do. I can fill my heart and mind with thoughts of you while I roll and cut pie crust, or while mother earnestly shows me the secrets of making beds so they are smooth and white, or how to dust books without injuring them, and I can stitch into filmy things for my trousseau all my loneliness and my love and my plans for the future. But you, poor dear! It's no wonder you have to seek companionship and good times to escape the dreary old boarding house.

—Sane and Sensible

You see I can be very sane and sensible, after all, and if I did cry a little over your letter and feel a bitter little sting in my heart, it was only momentary and I ask forgiveness for it.

It's odd, isn't it, how we change and learn in a few short weeks? When you first went away I could have cried and stormed over such an episode as your confession of your half-way flirtation. But now it seems as if the waiting and the teaching of the passing days had smoothed and rounded out my love and made me see with new eyes the beauties not only of love itself, but of faith.

This is a very serious letter, dear, but it comes as an end to a long and weary day—a day begun in a little storm of emotions over your letter and with each hour full of the tiny pin pricks of life.

The Fullness of Humility

A new frock just home did not fit and had to go back. A cut glass dish sent me by Mrs. Downing, who lives in Boston, was broken when it arrived. I quarreled with cook because she wouldn't let me make a dessert, but now at last I have come to the twilight—come to the hour when the petty things assume that right aspect and shame brings an almost soothing touch to my irritated heart. So out of the fullness of my humility I am writing. I ask only, dear, that you love me, that you want me—but, after all, who could ask more?

H—

THE STAGE DOORKEEPER

"A friend of mine just back from New York was telling me about the new show at the Hippodrome," said the stage-doorkeeper youth as he reversed his cuffs.

"Yes," said the stage doorkeeper, "I too, have a friend who was over to see the big show. He was in here last night with a hot cross bun, and was trying to tell me his impressions. It must have been some show, and the way he saw it it must have been two shows, for I think he was seeing double at the time."

"He said it was like a three-ring circus, only more so, and tells me that he thinks he has annexed a person."

Our Red Hot Sport Says Toe Be Or—?

Teens ain't a very nice thing to talk about, I guess, but this one's on me, so I guess I'll let 'er ripple. Te-look at me you wouldn't think



I had twelve toes, would you now? But appearances are so deceitful and that's just what I've got, six on each tribly instead of the usual hand out of five. Come to think of it, I don't see why we need any, but let it go at that.

My little game, see, is to breeze into a swingin' door life savin' station, and after waitin' up to the bar half stewed like and settin' 'em up all around, flash a roll of bills and say, "I bet me and any other man in the crowd have got twenty-two toes between us."

It's never more'n two seconds before some fell guy takes me up for a \$20 bet, and then I show up and cop the kitty. I tried it last night over at Mulligan's. There was a little guy standin' around and I put my hand on his shoulder and says, "I bet this little feller and me have got twenty-two toes between us. I'll bet \$100."

The fell guy was there all right, and when we was all troopin' to the back room to show up, the little guy whispers to me, "Say, bo, I hope you got fifteen—I only got seven."

moment crack in his neck as a result of his earnest endeavor not to miss anything.

"It seems that they are pulling off a trip around the world, and if it's all it's cracked up to be I shouldn't wonder if the Cook's Tours people would be trying to get out an injunction and put the whole thing on the blink, as it is liable to interfere with their business."

But, be that as it may, this guy tells me that if I am ever goin' to see that show I must first make up my mind to stay away from the lobster palace. He says that when they wind up with the butterfly ballet and the life-size butterflies in lights begin to float around through the air that, unless you are mighty sure of yourself, you are apt to act in a suspicious manner and wake up in an observation ward with a piano mover for a nurse.

One Sad Disappointment

"Never again," says he, "at least not until I am permanently fixed on the water wagon." But he tells me that the European and Asiatic dopes is most convinin' and he's been all over the world with a Tom show and knows what he's talkin' about.

"But before he left me he said that with all the good wishes toward the Shuberts he must confess that he had run up against one sad disappointment."

"And what was that?" asked the S. S. Y.

"He said when he was travelin' through the mimic Europe he missed the flea. And the next time he goes he's going to send a dog in to sit in his reserved seat for an hour or two before the show. He's strong on local color, is this guy."

Concussions Of Humor

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY

In some parts of the dominion there are only seven-tenths of a man to the square mile! Gee! Then, as he can need only seven-tenths of an old suit, it's up to that seven-tenths of a man to save considerable money on his clothes.—The Pink 'Un.

Instantaneous

Wife—I'm tired to death. Been havin' baby's picture taken by the instantaneous process.

Husband—How long did it take?

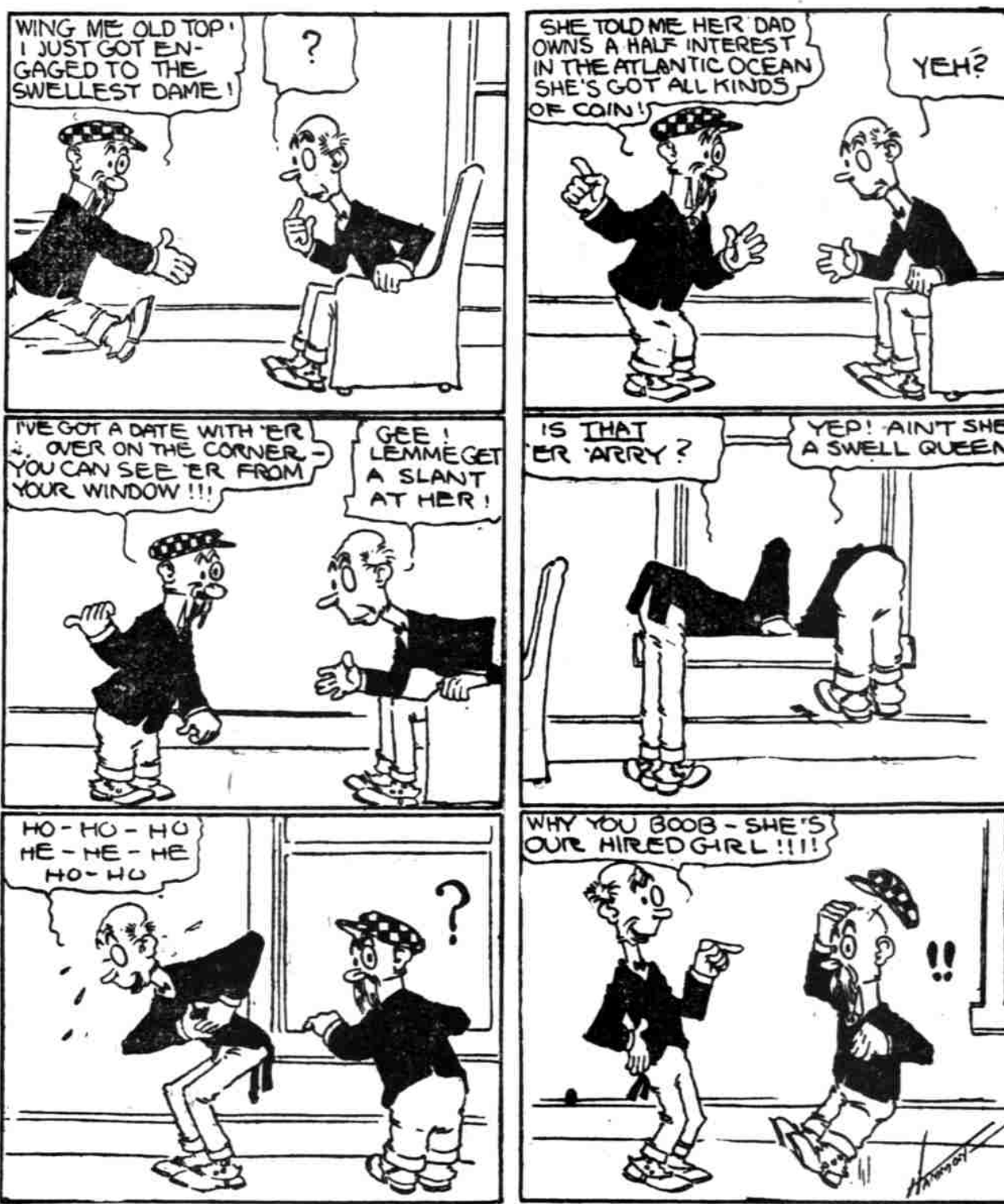
Wife—About four hours.

By JAMES H. HAMMON

Drawn for The Washington Times.

ALGY

SHE WAS A "DEUCE" OF A "QUEEN"



Vest Pocket Essays By George Fitch

—The Author of Siwash College Tales—

A BABY is a large volume of noise entirely surrounded by safety pins.

The baby itself is not large, however. It rarely weighs more than an unabridged dictionary, and is very fragile to look at. But even the smallest baby can make a noise which will cause an old bachelor three blocks away to tear the picture of Roosevelt from the wall, and stamp on it.

This is because a baby deals exclusively in noise. He does nothing and thinks of nothing but making noise. Men who have become great by sticking to one thing and learning all about it, claim that specialization is a new idea, but for over 6,000 years babies have specialized in noise and their success is more impressive than that of Edison or Hans Wagner.

Babies are very young and have no past to speak of. They are greatly beloved by all who know them, not because of what they say, but because of what they do not say. Babies do not tell ancient stories to their friends or give them advice, or talk politics when they want to read a good book or tell them that the country is going to



the dogs or ask them for \$5.00 till pay day. As babies grow older, they talk more and lose a few friends each year. A young baby baby is frantically beloved by hundreds of women, but after he is grown up, and has learned conversation in all its branches, he is lucky if he can keep one woman fond of him long to die married.

Babies are great diplomats. A baby can induce a strong man to get up at

night and prance all over the place in his pajamas, though the man would positively refuse to do it for his wife or his employer, or the President of the United States. Men who have never sung a note in their lives and would fight at the suggestion from anyone else, will sing half the night when requested to do so by a mere baby with no particular eloquence at his command. Babies are the greatest gamblers in the world. It costs \$5,000 to raise a baby, and you never can tell whether it is going to be worth \$5,000 or 30 cents when it grows up. However, if it is a girl, you can almost find some young man to take a chance on her in that other great gamble—matrimony.

Babies are very feeble and could be completely demolished by a strong man. Yet they often live for ninety-five years, which is more than any strong man can do. But babies do not smoke cigars, drink cocktails or eat nineteen griddle cakes at a sitting. Feed a baby on lobster Newberg and it would soon fade away. Strong men grow old and feeble on beefsteak, while small babies grow big and strong on milk alone. There are three kinds of babies—cow babies, tin babies, and home talent babies.

Babies are not often given the consideration they are entitled to. Among today's babies are the presidents of 1960, the steel kings of 1950, the baseball stars of 1940, the aviators of 1930, and the golf champions of 1920.

Hard In Winter.

Kind Lady—You must have a very hard time in winter.

Tramp (between mouthfuls)—Yes, indeed, mum. Sometimes I darsen't ask for a bite fur days, and I'm most starved, mum.

"What do you fear at such times?"

"I'd be axed to shovel snow, mum."

—New York Weekly.

Hard Lived In The City.

Conductor—Your ticket is for Lawnville, and we don't stop until we get to Trenton. This is the lightning express.

Suburban Resident—All right. When we get to Lawnville I'll jump. I've got off of street cars many a time when the motorman was homeward bound on his last trip.—New York Weekly.

Just So.

"He doesn't really love you. He's after your money."

"But if his love were not genuine how could he put so much fervor into his wooing?"

"Oh, a man can dig up considerable fervor when he has to marry money or go to work."—Exchange.

Buy One, Anyway.

"Buy a flower for your wife, sir?"

"Haven't one."

"For your sweetheart?"

"Haven't one."

"For your best girl, then?"

"Haven't one."

"Since you're so lucky, then at least buy one for yourself."—Filigende Blaetter.

Time to Move.

"My chorus girl client wants a change of venue, your honor."

"She can get a fair trial here."

"No doubt, but the people in this town have seen all her gowns."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Accounts For It.

Jess—I wouldn't stand for it, if I were Jack. Why, you treat him shamefully.

Bess—Oh, that's all right. We're engaged.—Toledo Blade.

Quite Puzzling.

Maud—What do you think of a girl who'd write her name on a new-laid egg in order to catch a husband?

Jack—That's a toss-up for freshness between the egg and the girl.—Boston Transcript.

MAMIE TELLS BELLE

That Better Things Are
Coming, But Just Now
RUSSIA'S IN A BAD WAY

SOME day, Belle, Russia is goin' to be civilized and use reglar language instead of overgrown telegraph signals, and throw kisses instead of bombs. And Siberia'll be turned into a children's playground, and the czar'll hold egg rollin' contests on his front lawn for the peasant kids.

But not for a few odd years, though—say a million or so. The national pastime is a pretty sure indication of how many years a country is separated from Darwin's monkeys. In Russia, Belle, the national pastime is bomb throwin'.

Once in a while they use revolvers, but I b'lieve that's considered effeminate by most anarchists, and I don't think the Amalgamated Assassins even try to save the revolver usin' assassins by taxin' their members for money to hire a lawyer.

Anarchists' meetin's must be int'restin' things, Belle. There's a law in Russia forbididin' anarchists to meet before or after any meal, so the poor fellows have to do their meetin' in private cellars, and in the dark, where the Russian cops can't find 'em.

It's as Good as Some Shows

"Brother bomb busters," the leader'll say, "several matters of importance which concern the future of Russia are to be taken up at this evenin's meetin'. First and foremost is the subject of the weekly assassination. Gentlemen, the members of 'is association that were honored by bein' allowed to do the assassination last week proved a disgrace to their whiskers."

"They actually came back again, gentlemen, with the bombs in their hands and the mis'rab' excuse that the more or less royal Duke Bawlemoutovitz was s'rounded by innocent women and children. Gentlemen, men like that put our noble association to shame. I won't call out the names of the guilty members—I pity 'em too much. But if somebody points at 'em I'll whistle."

"The man to be bombed this week, gentlemen, is the Grand Duke Soakemagainski. He has a wife and thirteen children, and I should think a cute time to hurl the bomb would be when he's kissin' 'em all good night. Of course, they'll appoint another grand duke to take his place, but more the merrier. Bombs is cheap."

Do you think it's their names that does it, Belle? Maybe if I had a name like Killemallovitz I'd feel like livin' up to it, too.

ACCORDING TO SAMMY

I'm going to stay hoam and smook and read to nite, sed pop to ma last nite, and awl the kings horses and awl the kings mules coodent drive me out.

And he litt a seegar and opined a book and startid to read.

Wats that yure readin', sed ma, but pop didn't say anything, and ma sed agen. Wats that yure readin'.

Pop kept awn smookin' and readin' and ma sed verry loud, Are you deff or wat, heer I've asked you about a duxzin times wat yure readin' and you go awn settin' there like a in-gavin' image.

Beg Pardin

O, I beg yure pardin, deer, sed pop. Wy, its Ellinor Glinns latest book, he sed, and I bawt it kummin' hoam jest to see if its as bad as they say it is, and if it is, you bet I'll rite a lettir to the papir about it, awl rite.

Wont that be nise, sed ma, Henry Tawker, you hand that book ovir to me immediatly. Yure a fine speshimen of a man to bring up a sun uprisin' these things for himself, or else how can I tell weather or not a poor in-nersent wumin orthir is beeing slundered.

Noboddy asked you to tell, sed ma, and you best hand that book ovir heer or thars will be trubbl.

Didint I tell you if I found there was anything out of the way in it I was going to rite a lettir to the papir about it, sed pop.

I dont kare if you told me you were going down to stity hall and

Reddy Smith Chats On a Crowd of Men

Funny thing, Jimmie, dat yu can mos' always fin' one feller dat yu can call uh man in uh crowd, but it ain't verry often dat yu fin' uh whole crowd ud dem tugedder.

Course, I ain't speakin' uv pumy men, Jimmie, but jes men dat are ideal husban's de kin' dat it does yure heart good to see.

Can yu imagine uh man dat's been married five years callin' his wife dear? Can yu imagine him tryin' to strol uh kiss thru' hur when no one's lookin'—jes like he uster do when dey was foist married?

Can yu imagine dat man givin' hur de bes' seat, an' pettin' hur like he did de foist time he met hur?

Can yu imagine him sittin' in uh parlor uh watchin' an' watchin' hur an' seemin' to enjoy jes' the slightest movement uv hur face ur han's ur fingers?

I tells yu, Jimmie, when I seen dat an' dere was uh whole crowd ud dem kin' uv men wid deir wives, I jes had to stop an' take notice, fur tu my min', Jimmie, yu cud call dat crowd uv fellers men!

An Extra Dry Case; Or, Save the Corks

"I don't understand it," she said, "and so I came to you. There were two dozen bottles of it—the best champagne that was ever mummied extra dry."

"Think of it, two dozen bottles and they all disappeared at once! That was three days ago, and I haven't found so much as a cork since. I'd have thought the servants did it, only I don't keep any servants, and the suspicion that it might have been the plumber was dispelled when I realized that we haven't had need for a plumber since we moved into the house thirty-two years ago."

"Hah," said the great detective reflectively. "Hah."

"How did you know that?" she asked in surprise.

The great detective only smiled tolerantly and said, "Are you sure you have told me quite all?"

"Every bottle," she declared. "I'd have consulted my husband about it first, only he disappeared the same day that the champagne did. He's a fine fellow."

"Is he?" said the great detective with interest. "Give me a good description of him, will you? Thanks, I'm going out now—I'll see you about the case later." And jottin' down the husband's description on his cuff and smacking his lips in anticipation, the great detective took the stairs downward, three at a time.

